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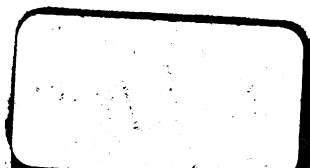
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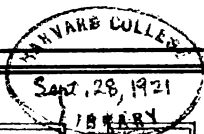












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# BOOK CULTURE



**NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, EDITOR.**

**PUBLISHED BY E. B. HALL,**

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**Vol. I.**

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# BOOK CULTURE.

VOLUME I.

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JANUARY, 1899.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Editor.

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## ON THE HURRY OF THIS TIME.

With slower pen men used to write,  
Of old when "letters" were "polite;"  
In Anna's or in George's days,  
They could afford to turn a phrase  
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light  
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;  
They meted out both blame and praise  
With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the Hours take flight!  
What's read at morn is dead at night:  
Scant space have we for Art's delays,  
Whose breathless thought so briefly stays.  
We may not work—ah! would we might!—  
With slower pen.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

BOSTON, MASS.

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*Estate of Miss Jane Brew*  
*Sept. 28, 1921*

### THE PLEASURES OF A COLLECTOR.

**I** PITY the person who is not a collector! There is no stolen sweet more delicious than to smuggle your new purchase, especially if it was far too expensive, into the house without your wife (who looks askance at your hobby) suspecting it. Perhaps some months afterwards she discovers it and asks: "Where did you get that?" and you reply with a brave showing of innocence, "O, I have had it a long while." But alas! a few days later she may mend your coat and discover the as yet unpaid bill in your pocket. Even the prospect of that day of reckoning makes more delightful the subtile diplomacy that secured it for you.

THE passion of collection may be like the passion for a woman; it may be a love at first sight, or it may be a gradual and almost insensible descent—or ascent—from the plains of indifference. Some persons are born more susceptible than others to such influences. The doughty and all-conquering Myles Standish sends John Alden to woo Priscilla for him. John tries to be faithful to his chief but he cannot resist the fascination of the Puritan maiden and the Captain is "cut out," as he richly deserved to be.

In exactly the same way Gardilanne entrusts to his friend Dalègre the pleasant task of picking up such stray pieces of faïence as may come across his notice in the province and within a short time Dalègre is so deeply infected with the "craze" that he completely forgets his allegiance and begins to collect on his own account. Champfleurant says "the craze for collecting makes men selfish." That is not necessarily true: though of course the nearer it comes to a mania or insanity, the more likely it is to be selfish, since insanity is only acute conceit.

WE have known generous collectors,—happy men who, having through their specialized knowledge or by self-sacrifice or by the facility of large means, gathered together from all parts of the world rare specimens of books or minerals, or musical instruments, or Japanese curios or whatnot, have desired others to share in their pleasures and have put their collections temporarily or permanently in libraries or museums. It is a wonder and a pity that men do not more frequently share with the public their possessions. They would have the consciousness of doing an educational service to the community. It would or should multiply their own complacency by as many times as others inspected it.

For after all the pleasure of merely collecting is not one of the highest order; it may be absorbing but if it is a passion in itself, with no ulterior object, it is akin to the always despised and degenerate acquisitiveness of the miser. The miser accumulates money for the idle satisfaction of being able to say to himself how much he is worth or to finger his gold.

I know a book-miser. He is alert to pick up bargains and, as he has large means, he is all the time adding to his overflowing shelves. Even his closets are packed with first editions and rarities. But he is rigidly jealous of other people and he rarely allows his treasures to be seen by other eyes than his own. He has no confidence in his fellow-men and when he condescends to let even his friends see his books he watches them as a dog watches a cat. I know a violin-miser. I should think this man, who cannot himself play, would be haunted at night by the spirits of those mute *Amatis* and *Strdivarii*, who would, as it were, hold out their imploring bows to him, so that after such a vision he would repent of his selfish policy and send out the violins to sing a message of good cheer to all the world. . . . There are violin-

collectors who entrust their favorite instruments to talented young artists and thus are public as well as private benefactors. Why should not book collectors do the same even though occasionally a costly volume should fail to be returned.



### ARTISTIC LIBRARIES.

**W**ITH the growth in this country of wealth and culture there is coming to be a very large number of men who demand for their libraries costly editions of the best authors. There are some Philistines left who would order books simply to fill so many shelves as they order so many yards of carpeting for their sleeping-rooms. Such unintelligent buying is ludicrous. It is seen also in picture buying. An American millionaire went to an artist in Rome and wanted a certain picture. He inquired the price. "Why!" he exclaimed, "it has only two cows and three sheep in it. I only paid half as much for one that had three cows and five sheep."

To buy books simply because the colors of the covers match certain portières and because they must be just so tall, is not really forming a library. The books thus acquired can hardly be said to constitute a library.

The man who delegates to another the formation of his library is also to be pitied. He loses half of the pleasure of his purchase. But I am perfectly willing to accept the delicate responsibility of spending for Dives the little fortune which he is willing to invest in a library for his new house. I am not so narrow-minded as to object to the millionaire requirement of paper and binding. Shakespeare in a royal dress of the finest hand-made paper and tooled calf is no less Shakespeare than in the ordinary trade

garb. I am as willing to be master of ceremonies and introduce guests in Court uniform as I am to present them in every-day clothes. I shall get my pleasure in selecting, arranging, catalogueing these costly old friends and in bringing forth as a result a Library that should be rich, harmonious, well-proportioned and illustrative of all the realms of Literature. At the same time it should not give the visitor the impression of belonging to a parvenu. To attain such a consummation would not be easy: it would require much planning, much religious care.

AFTER I had done my part and turned it over to Dives, I should pity him, for though it was his money which I spent and though the results are now his, I have had the joy of installing them and he has not. I have made them mine, in a certain sense, at his loss. The ideal way for Dives to do is to take into his confidence a well-educated man of broad, liberal culture, a man to whom he may freely confess his lack of literary training and then make use of this expert as an assistant in forming his library. Almost any man, unless he is hide-bound in his own conceit, can benefit from the advice or suggestions of another. Willing as I am to be such an adviser to Dives, either for the honor of the thing or for the modest honorarium, coming afterwards as a surprise and not as a stipulation agreed on beforehand, willing as I am to undertake this post of adviser, I am just as willing to have advice from anyone else in regard to my own modest collection.

My books are a hap-hazard lot, for I have never had much money to spend on them and they have come to me in the form of gifts or been sent to me to review for papers and magazines. I have several times started to weed them out but I have invariably found that if I disposed of any, no matter how unimportant

it might be, or how infrequently I might have turned to it in the past, I should be sure to require it at a moment's notice. So now I keep all the books the Gods send, though I have no room for them and they stand two rows deep on my shelves. The most valuable book I had—it was a gift to me—I rashly bestowed on a friend who was about to be married. I have never ceased to regret it and I have many times schemed how I might, without loss of dignity, recover it, especially since the gracious lady to whom I presented it is no more.

WHEN I go into the well-ordered libraries of more systematic or wealthier acquaintances, I generally have a sense of compunction as I remember my higgledy-piggledy, harum-scarum, hap-hazard collections and I register a mental vow that I will reform. Then the next holiday I make a desperate attempt to arrange my books topically, putting poetry in one place, history in another and fiction in another. Every such attempt has resulted in a bibliotequeneal Waterloo. The poets do not match one another in height or depth. I find myself so weak in history that I incline to think that unconsciously my library is an unconscious imitation of myself and that it is of as little use to systematize it as to systematize me.



### BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED MEN.

**A** CERTAIN weekly is publishing a series of articles by various distinguished men who tell about their own libraries and what they find most interesting about them. "Books which have most influenced me" is a rather taking title. But how can men tell what books have most influenced them? It is not always the apparent, the conscious influence that is most important. Probably

no book is so universally ready or so thoroughly mastered as the Bible and yet among all the persons who have written in the last two hundred years there are not more than one or two whose style is in any way imitation of the style of the Scriptures. A chance paragraph in a newspaper is as likely to breed resolution as a series of literary readings. One of Marden's anecdotes in this respect is as fertile as Carlyle's French Revolution or Sartus Resartus with its nightmare style.

With this humility of view, this acquiescence in the potentiality of infinitesimals let us hope that the casual reader, who with a moment to spare, glances over these diminutive pages, may find some useful hint. To every such reader, as well as to any who with greater deliberation may put them to the test, BOOK CULTURE begs leave most sincerely and respectfully to offer the felicitations of the season and hopes for a happy new year.



### A PRINCE OF COLLECTORS.

**J**EAN GROLIER, Vicomte d'Aguisy, was born in Lyons in 1479. His family was of Italian origin. The first of them, Étienne, came sometime before or after 1200, from Verona, where his house played a distinguished part, and was connected by marriage with the Grimaldi, Princes of Monaco. Étienne, after assisting de Montfort to put down the Albigensians, settled near Lyons, and his descendants exercised for a long time the principal functions in the city, being presidents of the consullate, or municipal body. Some of the family were cardinals, bishops, statesmen, generals, marshals and the like. Finally the office of *Élu* became hereditary with the Groliers. The *Élu* of Lyons was the mediator between the people and the king and arranged



what part of the taxation of the province was to be borne by the city.

Another Étienne, the father of Jean, became gentleman-in-waiting to Louis, Duke of Orléans, was the prince's special favorite, and, when the Duke succeeded to the throne as Louis XI. in 1498, he was appointed treasurer of the King, and sent to Milan. Jean succeeded his father as *Élu* in 1510 and was also appointed treasurer for the Seine. On the 11th of October, 1516, he married Anne, daughter of the Chevalier de Bricconnet, Controller-General of the Finances of Bretagne. He had one son, who died without issue, and four daughters. He also had a natural son during his first stay in Italy. When he went to Rome as ambassador in 1534, Pope Clement VII. became so much attached to him that he offered to secure the future fortune of this son, who was named Caesar and received a fine education from his father. He was secretary for Latin briefs to three pontiffs in succession. From a sense of decorum he disguised his father's name under that of *Glorierius*, by which he is known. Julius III. married him to a rich heiress of the house of Girone of Florence. Caesar Grolier is the author of a Latin poem on the sack of Rome by Constable Bourbon, in 1527, which is preceded by a dedication to his father. It is entitled: *Historia expugnatae et direptae urbis Romae per exercitum Caroli V. Imp., die VI. maii MDXXVII., Clemente VII. pontifice, Caesare Glorierio Luydunensi autore.* It was published by Sebastian Cramoisy, in 1637. Grolier left no posterity; the present Marquis de Grolier of Touraine, also a bibliophile, is descended from Grolier's uncle Antoine.

In 1518, owing to his absence from Lyons, he appointed this uncle, Antoine, deputy *Élu* in his place. He left Italy in 1530, when the relations between France and the Holy Sea had become intensely

hostile. In 1537 he was made treasurer for certain provinces of France and president of the commission for rebuilding the Grand Châtelet, the seat of the royal treasury of the incomes from the private domains of the King, and also the court where police offences and questions of feudal jurisdiction were decided. Two years later he took a very prominent part in practically founding the Collège de France, which, though it existed in an irregular and rudimentary way for 20 years before, was destined completely to transform the study of literature, science and art over all Europe as well as in France.

In Italy, Grolier met Benvenuto Cellini. Afterwards in 1544, the two had an amusing quarrel which Cellini describes in the ninth chapter of his memories. He says :

“Madame d’Étampes (Francis I.’s mistress) on learning how my affairs stood, was angrier with me than ever. ‘What!’ she exclaimed, ‘I govern the world, and this shabby fellow doesn’t care a fig for me!’ Then she threw off all disguise and determined to make short work of me. She chose for her tool a clever distiller who had supplied her with certain wonderful scented waters, hitherto unknown in France, for the preservation of the freshness of her complexion. This man initiated his Majesty into the secrets of the process of distillation, a thing which amused the King exceedingly, and, taking advantage of the latter’s good humor, he asked for the tennis-court I had in my château, as well as for some other little buildings which he claimed I made no use of. The good King, who knew where the blow aimed at me came from, kept silence. Thereupon, Madame d’Étampes had recourse to those means that women know so well how to make use of with men, and she manoeuvred so skilfully that she easily gained her point. Catching Francis in one of those amorous moods to which he was so subject, she obtained all

she wanted. It was not long, then, before I saw the arrival of the distiller, and, with him, the treasurer Grolier. This French gentleman spoke Italian remarkably well and began his discourse in that language with a few jests. When he perceived I was not at all disposed to laugh, he said: 'In the name of the King, I put this man in possession of this tennis-court and the cottages thereunto appertaining.' 'Everything belongs to the King,' I answered, 'still you might have entered this château in a more becoming manner, for this intervention of lawyer folk would lead to the belief that this is a trumped-up dodge rather than a frank commission from our great King. I declare solemnly therefore that, before making my complaint to his Majesty, I shall defend myself, as he urged me to do the other day, and, if you do not bring a new order, signed by the King's own hand, I shall fling the man you have introduced here out of the window.' At these words the treasurer retired, uttering threats as he went out. I did the same on my side, but I went no further for the moment."

It may be mentioned that, after making the unhappy distiller's life a burden to him for some time, the valiant Benvenuto finally drove him forth *vi et armis*.

J. C. B.

(To be continued.)



### PARIS OLD AND NEW.

**T**HACKERAY, writing of Paris and the Parisians, said "What a paradise — the merriest people in the world." Probably no modern city in the world has undergone such transformations as Paris, and few cities have experienced as many disasters and apparently irreparable losses; and yet it continues to be pre-eminently the most magnificent and imposing in the world.

An adequate history of these changes and their causes, from the earliest date of Lutetia to the end of the nineteenth century, and especially a vivid and complete account of life, as it has been and is to-day in this splendor-loving and pleasure-seeking city, would be of inestimable value and of extraordinary interest. If all aspects were considered it would give accounts of the events which have made Paris famous—and infamous, from the time of the English possessions to the Revolution, from the Revolution to the present Dreyfus affair. For example, the siege of Paris, which ranks among the most remarkable occurrences in the annals of modern warfare, should be described with any hitherto generally unknown details, and an intelligent account of the causes, known to very few persons, which led to the disastrous Franco-Prussian war; would be invaluable.

Architecturally it should present a complete panorama of the city of Paris, from the times of the Romans to the end of the present century. Every building of note, whether interesting from the standpoint of association, or valuable as an example of architecture, or as evidence of antiquity or culture; and every feature of importance in the six hundred miles of streets, *quais*, bridges, etc., should be shown in the illustrations. For of course such a book should be illustrated, and very fully illustrated too.

Paris has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most cosmopolitan city in the world, for it is not only the political metropolis of France, but also the centre of the artistic, scientific, commercial, and industrial life of the nation. Here the artist, the student, the merchant, and the votary of pleasure, alike find the most abundant scope for their pursuits: all of these classes should discover in the work what would interest, instruct, and amuse. None of the many sciences and trades in which Paris excels should be overlooked; and the holiday visitor would learn that

the gaiety of the commonplace *Moulin Rouge*, *Jardin de Paris*, *Moulin de la Galette*, or of the *Casino de Paris*, is but mere hired show frivolity got up for his benefit, and is not at all the real thing. The life of the artistic, literary and scientific centre, described by one who had spent some time there, would be a valuable addition.

*La Vie Souterraine*, the life of dark places, of the dens teeming with poverty and with vice,—the whole *cauchemar macabre* of the '*Misérables*',—has not yet entirely disappeared, and a study of this life throughout the ages of the vagabond and the *cytherean* would be most interesting. Indeed, if the materials for the work were actually secured on the ground, such a work would at once merit the distinction of becoming not merely the *only*, but the *standard* work on Paris.

In short, our idea is that the ideal book on Paris would be, instead of a mere dry-as-dust compilation, a vivid cinematographic picture of the life of the *Élysée*, *salon*, *caserne*, *bourse*, *magazin*, *atelier*, *bal*, *cabaret*, *théâtre*, *halle*, *cercle*, and the like. *La vie de Bohème*, *du Quartier latin*, *des coulisses*, *du trottoir*, *de la haute galanterie* should also find its place.

THE work should contain chapters on the Gallo-Roman and pre-Mediæval periods; the Court, official, and upper classes, from the opening of the Middle ages to the present day; the life of the bourgeois and lower classes; National and Municipal Paris; religious, charitable, and educational institutions; operas and theatres; balls, salons, *five o'clocks*, and other social functions; public amusements, restaurants, etc.; the financial and commercial world; the artistic, literary and musical centre; national manufactures of Sèvres, Gobelins, etc.; the great musées of the Louvre, Luxembourg, Cluny, Galliera,

Janze, etc.; architectural and monumental Paris; life of the streets, parks and boulevards; cafés, fairs, open-air restaurants; *fiacres*, omnibuses, tramways, boats, and trains; the historical environs and the residential suburbs; the past and future International Expositions, and the great salons and the minor expositions.

That the issue of such a work would be *à propos*, desirable, and necessary, is so self-evident that no emphasis need be laid on these points. No adequate work on the subject now exists, and no other subject offers such possibilities of interest.

R. B.



### THE STODDARD LECTURES.\*

FOR twenty years John L. Stoddard has been before the public as a lecturer and his success has been thoroughly deserved. In the preparation for this work he not only read many books but, what was more important, he also went to all parts of the world in order to see for himself what was best worth seeing. He travelled literally hundreds of thousands of miles and lived amid the scenes and peoples of foreign lands. He took with him his own photographer and personally selected the standpoint from which most of the views were taken. The multitude of delighted hearers who have viewed with enthusiasm these magnificent pictures will not think any praise too high for such artistic and realistic productions.

Mr. Stoddard has definitely retired from the platform but only to realize his life-purpose of putting into permanent form the work that has occupied him for so many years. His "Lectures" are now pub-

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lished in ten beautiful octavo volumes, containing about four thousand pages of text and not less than three thousand five hundred photogravure illustrations reproduced from his unrivalled collection of photographs. These are printed in the clearest and most satisfactory manner and in themselves offer a remarkable picture-gallery, embracing as they do a vast variety of subjects—mountains, fjords, glaciers, cañons and gorges, the famous streets of Paris, Berlin, London, St. Petersburg, beautiful buildings, churches, palaces and tombs, prisons, forts and ruins, portraits of distinguished persons of different lands, and typical representations of the manners and customs of multitudes of different nations. The mere catalogue of these illustrations is suggestive of the wide range of the author's observation. And the text, which of course is meant to be largely descriptive, is simple, direct, natural and vivid. During all the years of his public service he had of course abundant opportunity to see what best pleased and he never ceased to polish his sentences and bring them to the perfection at which he aimed. The vast audiences which he so richly entertained would find scarcely less pleasure in the lavish luxuriance of these garnered lectures. They would miss his ringing voice but the beautiful and often eloquent descriptions are here. There the pictures were magnified and thrown on a white background, but they lasted only an instant, melting away, they were kaleidoscopic in evanescence; here they are diminished but are permanently placed on exquisite calendered, hand-made paper and may be studied at leisure. The loss of size is more than made good.

There are thirty of these lectures, each averaging one hundred and twenty pages of text and with an equal number of engravings. There is scarcely a spot in the civilized world that is not covered by Mr. Stoddard's itinerary. The work is literally a fireside

tour around the world, with a genial companion to show what is best worth seeing. He covers art and literature and touches on history and manners. Such a library of travel is full of pleasure, as well as of educational benefit. Most persons are unable actually to travel, but much of the advantage of visiting foreign lands can be gained by the inspiration of such an enthusiastic and well-informed traveler as Mr. Stoddard. We have no hesitation therefore in recommending these volumes as worthy of a place in any library.



#### EDITIONS DE LUXE.

THE Boston *Literary World*, gives the following excellent description of the term *édition de luxe*. It says, "An *édition de luxe* is an edition whose features are excellence of the highest grade in paper, typography, press-work, illustration, margin edges, binding and all other possible material and mechanical details, together with (generally) a limit of the number of copies printed, and a considerably enhanced price. When the book thus luxuriously made is intrinsically a book of value, the list of traits is full. Every book-lover should have at least one edition *de luxe* of his favorite author, his Shakespeare, his Bacon, his Boccaccio, his Plutarch, his Thackeray, his Emerson, his Longfellow, as the case may be; and then group around it as many other choice examples of the book-maker's art as his purse will allow and his shelves make room for. Editions *de luxe* are the wise and witty of the literary world, the gifted and the learned, in evening dress; and though evening dress is not exactly suited to work in, there is a comfort in seeing it and being in it after all."



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MARCH, 1899.

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, Editor.

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## A HEADSTONE.

(From the French of Charles van Lerberghe.)

Under rose and lily, so  
With wild ivy intergrown,  
Lies a child of long ago,  
Made of light and love alone.

Once at eve an angel nigh  
Sealed her brow with joy, in sooth ;  
Then the eternal lullaby  
Put to sleep her timeless youth.

Pass, O passers-by ! nor grieve :  
Frail is life, and to the dead  
Tears are saddening. Therefore leave  
In its dream the darling head.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

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## THE PERSONALITY OF LIBRARIES.

A LIBRARY, like a person — we might say, like a city — being made up of manifold atoms drawn from a multitude of sources, must necessarily have its own distinct individuality. Should two men buy precisely the same books, there would soon arise a difference between the libraries: the spirit of the owners would gradually differentiate them. The very way in which the books stand on the shelves, the order or disorder which reigns in the room, the atmosphere, all unite to give a personality to each.

A man has therefore almost as great a responsibility in forming and keeping a library as in begetting and educating children. The child of which he is the father inherits from him certain qualities and characteristics and also perhaps in a stronger degree the faults and virtues of ancestors to the third and fourth generation. How many converging influences focus in a boy? The tendency which we see gradually or suddenly developing may have leapt over a hundred generations, may have its tap-root in an antediluvian protoplasm. To anyone who studies a library aright it is made up not alone of the works of a few authors but also of their very souls. Milton himself emanates from *Paradise Lost* and a ghostly aura of Shakespeare hovers over our favorite edition of the plays. This is no extravagance but sober truth. The air of the Mosque of Omar is impregnated with the musk that was mixed with the plaster a thousand years ago.

THIS personal quality in a book lends it dignity and explains why many consider it a crime to abuse one. Owing to the multiplication of cheap books, there has been undoubtedly a diminution of reverence for the outward and visible manifestation of litera-

ture. This has gone on apace together with the general falling off in that desirable if somewhat old-fashioned virtue. A cheap reprint of an author, no matter how great may be his fame, is from this point of view a misfortune. The wretched paper, the faulty typography, the slimsy binding, the slatternly appearance tend to degradation. What reverence can one feel for a counterfeit? A prophet in tatters loses half his effect, and if he comes in an ill-fitting suit of ready-made clothes, even a good message is wasted. John the Baptist in his lambskin and feeding on poor victuals is not so interesting a figure as Elijah, whose mantle was treasured as a legacy. I like a library where instinctively the voice is hushed, where solemn rows of ancient tomes in the noble dress of a by-gone day stand around on all sides, filling the mind with a dim sense of awe, as if the authors themselves, in ruffles and laces and perruques, with the magistracy of age, experience, and high service, confronted one. I have no doubt that once or twice a year, at midnight, the ghosts contained in these princely first editions are released and step down and out for serious conference. But comparatively few can collect such books. They are ancestral and ought to remain in the family home. Not often do they endure the misfortune of coming under the hammer: such a fate detracts from their dignity.

AN auction-room reminds me of a slave-mart. What tragedies it has witnessed! What separations of old friends, loves and families! Out of sheer sympathy I am inclined to bid unreasonably high for the single volume that has been lost out of a set and is put up, lonely and humiliated, to be sacrificed simply because it is by itself. I don't wonder that philobiblists make a practice of going to auctions and haunting book-stalls, for the

generous and laudable purpose of reuniting families of books. Such charity deserves to win heaven for a reward.



**E**SPECIAL attention is called to the article on the ideal library by Mr. Louis K. Newman of Springfield. Mr. Newman in his profession of architecture has had occasion to build not less than one hundred and fifty houses in Springfield, many of them of great beauty and richness and he himself has a remarkable collection of books mostly in choice editions, so that both from the standpoint of the architect and from that of the bibliophile he is eminently fitted to speak on this topic as one having authority. In these days when men of large wealth are building what might be called palaces, the library is more and more taking its place as the most important room in the house and therefore Mr. Newman's suggestions regarding the comfort, convenience and propriety of a library are well worthy of consideration.



### THE DEATH OF BOOKS.

**M**R. PICKERING, the English Publisher, recently paid \$10,500 for Caxton's translation of "A Booke of the Hoole Life of Jasen" from the French of Raoul Le Fevre published about 1477. Thus the last surviving leaves on the trees of literature acquire a value utterly disproportionate to their intrinsic worth. Had Mr. Caxton brought his translation to a modern publisher he would have gone away again with the manuscript under his arm. But Caxton had the whole matter in his hands in those

days and printed what he translated with little regard to its immortality. Fire and book-worms, the decay of time, the carelessness of ignorance gradually reduced the edition to its one surviving specimen. There are many such books in existence and every little while we hear the death of the last. The wily old oriental Sybil who took the nine volumes of prophecies to King Tarquin, perfectly understood the book-collector's weakness. She burnt three and asked as much for six as for nine, and then she burnt three more and still kept to the original price. And if she had been wise she would have reduced them to one and doubled it.

The destruction of ancient rolls and volumes by Goths and Vandals, by Persians and Musulmans has left a deep tinge of sadness in the learned world. There is no compensating for such losses. Probably on the walls of the Alexandrine library was painted or engraved the fallacious motto: "Words are the only things that live forever." How many precious sentiments, how many noble poems, how many marvellous dramas have vanished forever. How solicitously the world has hoped for the recovery of the lost books of Livy. But only rarely does some fragment of these ancient writings suddenly come to light like a show of prehistoric pottery, or the tooth of an *ichthyosaurus Maccobbidoliensis gigas* to hint at what was lost.

No, it is the destiny of books, as of dynasties and families of men to perish; and therefore, it is one of the duties of wealthy men to purchase the single specimens and instead of keeping them where there is danger of their being ruined by fire or water, to present them to libraries where they may be preserved as long as possible.

The recent fire in Chicago, when the publishing house of M. C. McClurg and Company was de-

stroyed is a case in point. The department over which Mr. G. M. Millard presided, christened by the original Eugene Field "The Saints' and Sinners' Corner," was the haunt of all book-lovers, bibliophiles and bibliotaphs and bibliocranks who chanced to be in Chicago. The nominal value of the treasures destroyed on the 12th of February was fifty thousand dollars, but many can never be replaced and therefore the sentimental loss is vastly more. Here is a hint of the vanished lore :

A square 12mo. volume in calf, which belonged to Charles II., and stamped in gold with the royal arms on both covers ; some volumes that belonged to Queen Elizabeth and Louis XIV. ; a 16mo. volume, which belonged to Mme. de Pompadour, and was stamped with her arms ; two volumes with Charles Dickens's book-plate, crest and name ; a folio called "Titles of Honor," by John Selden, presented by Samuel Pepys to Caleb Banks, with inscription and signature by Pepys on the title page ; a copy of Charles Lamb's works, including an octave volume, the former owner of which was Charles Westwood, of whom Lamb wrote that he had "retired on £50 a year and one anecdote." The volume contained an autograph letter of Charles Lamb, alluding to "Poor Mary," his sister. A set of Ruskin's works in nine royal octavo volumes bound in Levant morocco, the original edition. One of the volumes was an inscription in Ruskin's handwriting presenting the set to the artist who painted the famous portrait of Ruskin ; a first edition copy of Thackeray's Christmas books, seven 12mo. volumes complete with colored illustrations from his own drawings, one of the rarest sets in the collection ; a copy of Boydell's Shakespeare in nine folio volumes, published in 1800 ; Bulwer's entire works in sixty-four volumes, so rare a set that the booksellers of London say they never heard of a duplicate ; a manuscript copy of "Beau-

mont and Fletcher," a first edition folio of 1647, with engraved portrait of Fletcher done by William Marshall; a first edition of "Dr. Syntax;" a Pickering's edition in fifty-three volumes in calf of the English poets; a Pickering's edition of Izaak Walton's "Angler;" a copy of Morris's "Guinevere," and one of "Maud" from the Kelmscott press. Also a number of original pencil drawings by Cruikshank. The destruction of this little corner outweighed in the estimation of many wise men the far greater intrinsic loss in the stock of the publishers. Now the question is whether the "Saints and Sinners" will ever again have a habitat like that to which they were wonted.



### SOME RARE OLD BOOKS

**I**T was of the nature of a discovery that the General Theological Library, Boston, recently made, upon cataloguing its older books. It found treasures unsuspected even by its friends and patrons. They antedate the age of printing. There are few manuscripts, but among them is a gem which suggests in a modest way the treasures of San Marco at Florence. It is a beautifully illuminated vellum Breviary, probably made at a monastery in Bergameno, how much more than 450 years ago no one knows. It was bound in the last century by "*sua altezza il principe d'Estahasi.*"

The first half-century of printing is represented by a sumptuous black-letter folio of Augustine's sermons, Basel, 1495, pig, exquisitely stamped. Amerbach, the printer, ranks among the foremost of those wonderful old early printers. Its brass clasps are broken. Equally or perhaps more ancient is a little "*Liber Meditationū bti Bernardi,*" with a rare old engraving of the three Eastern Kings, printed at

Cologne. A Paul Orosius "ad Augustinum" was printed at Venice in 1500.

The sixteenth century is well represented, the earliest books being a "Valerius Maximus" by Badius [Paris] 1510, and a superb copy of "S. Bernardi scripta" Paris 1513. A folio of Cicero's "Tusculanae Questiones" was printed at Venice in 1516. The initial letters in the two last volumes and in the next to be mentioned are simply exquisite. Copies of some of them have recently been made which are greatly admired by connoisseurs.

But what the library prides itself upon is its rare sixteenth century Bibles, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Space permits but the briefest reference to the Latin versions only, the value of which may be estimated by comparison with those of the great collections of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale and, largest of all, of W. A. Copinger. First is a sumptuous folio, Lugdunum, 1526. Neither this nor a noble folio of Robert Stephanus, Paris, 1540, called "one of the ornaments of his [R. S's.] press," are in the famous Copinger collection. Then comes a translation by Sebastian Castalio, Basel, 1551, which Copinger describes as the the "Rare first ed. of Castalio, dedicated to Edward VI." Two volumes, printed at Basel, 1578, and at Venice 1583, are profusely illustrated with striking wood-cuts. Of the last, Copinger knows of no copy but his own. The Zurich translation, "quam proxime ad literam quidem fieri potuit," appears in two editions: an elegantly stamped large quarto, Tiguri 1564, and a copy without title page, perhaps the rare Francfort edition of 1591.

Visitors at 53 Mt. Vernon Street, will be shown these rarities cheerfully.

GEORGE A. JACKSON.

## GROLIER AND HIS BOOKS.

**F**EW of us moderns may emulate the old treasurer of France and send down to posterity a name synonymous with "noble binding"; but Paul Janet's description of Grolier's library is certainly an inspiration to the book-collector and I take pleasure in reproducing it here:—

"We have now sufficient data to judge of Grolier's library of three thousand volumes, and we know that it contained only works worthy of the highest praise, either because of the matter or the form. The Greek and Latin classics, contemporary philosophers and scholars, geography, archæology and history, composed nearly the whole of it. Beside these, figure the modern Latin poets, who were then read, and the best Italian literature. We feel that the library was not made merely for the recreation of the eyes, it was the library of a sound and sterling scholar, who knew how to choose books, and who read them. Once made certain of their intrinsic value, he occupied himself with their extrinsic beauty. He would have only irreproachable copies and have them made on paper carefully chosen by himself. He had the frontispieces and the initials painted in gold and colors. But it was in the bindings that he gave unimpeachable proofs of his magnificence and taste. The art and care with which they are executed can never be excelled. The ornaments, which he designed himself, are rich, varied, and always in exquisite taste. We are the more disposed to admiration in presence of these masterpieces when we consider that he had to invent everything: the models and the workmen. Therefore, I have no great scruple in saying that Grolier was a book-binder, the most accomplished of bookbinders; but we must not have the air of forgetting, while saying this, that he was the Treasurer of France."



Each volume of Grolier bears the device : *Portio mea, domine, sit in terra inventium* on one side, and *Jo Grolierii et amicorum* on the other.

On the plates of some works are the arms of Antoine Grolier : currant bush for emblem ; motto, *nec arbor nec herba* ; azure, three besants or, each surmounted by a star argent.

It is quite certain that his cabinet of medals equalled, if it did not surpass, the library in richness and importance. Strada, one of the first numismatists went into ecstasies over it. Sambuch, the historiographer of Maximilian II. and Rudolf II., who had spent twenty years in collecting manuscripts and medals over all Europe, published in 1564 his *Emblemata*, at the head of which is a dedication : *Magnifico Yoanni Groliero, Questori Rego, et consulario Lutetiae*. He speaks of the erudite and instructive conversation he had with him, and of his numismatic prizes worthy to excite the admiration and envy of all princes and cardinals of Italy. It ought to be stated, in justice to Charles IX., of whom so little good can be said, that, when the collection was about to pass into Italy in 1566, he purchased it, and had it brought to Fontainebleau. Unfortunately, it was afterwards pillaged during the wars of the League.



### A BALLADE OF MONTAIGNE.

I sit before the firelight's glow,  
With peace between the world and me,  
And con good Master Florio  
With pipe a-light ; and as I see  
Queen Bess herself with book a-knee,  
Reading it o'er and o'er again,  
Here, 'neath my cozy mantel-tree,  
I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

Now howls the wind and drives the snow ;  
 The traveller shivers on the lea ;  
 While, with my precious folio,  
 Behold a happy devotee  
 To book and warmth and reverie !  
 The blast upon the window-pane  
 Disturbs me not, as, trouble-free,  
 I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

I am content, and thus I know  
 A mind as calm as summer sea, —  
 A heart that stranger is to woe.  
 To happiness I hold the key  
 In this rare, sweet philosophy ;  
 And while the Fates so fair, ordain,  
 Well pleased with Destiny's decree,  
 I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

## ENVOY.

Prince ! aye, King be your degree,  
 Thou monarch of immortal reign !  
 Always thy subject I would be,  
 And smoke my pipe and read Montaigne !

ARTHUR MACY.



## THE AESTHETICAL SIDE OF A LIBRARY.

**T**HE Koh-i-nor in a filagree setting, a "Titian" in "Dutch gilt" frame, and a beautiful woman in rags are like unto a "de luxe" in the average library. The Koh-i-nor, the Titian and the "Beauty" are priceless in any surroundings, but they are worthy of better setting and indisputably entitled to it, and are none the less attractive when brilliantly and richly "mounted."

Nature does well in her exquisite discrimination of "framing," and teaches a much-needed lesson in harmonies. The author gives us his best (indifferent "stuff" is a stranger to tree calf or bold grain levant ; ) the printers' plates are a delight to the eye ; the binder imitates the Groliers, and the publisher "adds" his quota in almost prohibitive price, and despite all these advantages, we indifferently, and at times indecently, house our friends, the authors.

I do not confine these lines to collectors of "Limiteds," but apply them to all who are of the "Book World," and ask, Why do we lovers of books collect a library, using care, discrimination and patience, and when they are collected bestow so little thought on their surroundings?

I am not writing for the man or woman of small means, who, after putting their wage into a book, have little left for exterior embellishment. All honor to those who of their scantiness gather a few dear friends to enliven and enlighten the home. I am writing for him who hath and doeth not, for the one who can afford to produce harmony and only brings forth discord, for the one of ample means, and of limited performance. Why does this condition exist?

With some it is indifference to externals,—it is the spirit, the essence, and not the flesh, we seek, they will tell you. Why then be careful of the binding, the tooling, the Dickinson hand-made paper, the broad margin, the low number, the remarque etching? Why not get your "Gil Blas" in a cheap unlimited edition?

Again, with many, collecting is a fad, a fashion, the thing to do, "gives a chap a sort of literary flavor, don't cher know." These are ignorant not only of the value of a book, but particularly of its final resting place.

Alas! in too many cases the library is a final resting place for many a "grand fellow." A suitable epitaph on many a library lintel would be

"Arrived and shelved!"

Again, some leave the library arrangement to the architect, and, still worse, to the professional decorator, — I almost said desecrator.

What more permanent and unselfish friends has a man than his books! In the sunshine of success, in midnight's gloom of adversity, in sickness or in

health, on Transfiguration's Mount or in Gethsemane's Garden (and life has all these,) who so helpful, who so thoughtful, who so steadfast, who so unobtrusive, who so able and so willing to enter into our life as our Books? You invite into your House Beautiful the brightest and best of the world's heroes; you ask them to become your permanent "guests;" you say to them that of all dear friends they are the dearest, — and Lo! — when illustrious Homer, and thoughtful Plato, and eloquent Cicero, and dark-browed Dante, and chivalrous Cervantes, and cheerful Le Sage, and the mighty Bard of Avon, with their illustrious and incomparable comrades arrive, no intelligent plan has been devised to give them suitable and harmonious "housement."

Let me describe a library I have seen, — not the book part, but the room part. Not every one can have one like unto it, but perchance the man who can, and has it not, may be led to reflect why he has not, and the man who would, but cannot have it in this manner, may gather a fragment from the Mosaic, and endeavor to obtain more of harmony than he now has.

I saw a lofty room, some eighteen feet in height and sixteen feet square, surmounted by a dome of glass. The walls were lined with bold-grained oak cases, with large plate-glass doors, that swung, not slid, "for both sides," said my host, "require cleaning;" the cases were not over six feet high, for he sagely remarked, "Don't sky them; they are immortal without your help." Between each case was a comfortable seat, not a show seat, not a dainty seat, but a large, roomy "cuddle down" built-in seat, which accommodated itself to an hour or two of steady reading. This seat had two broad arms, one broad enough to hold an open book, and the other to write upon, and in one was concealed a small drawer for writing material and an ink well, which, for pro-

tection, had a sliding cover. "Don't, 'chase' around a well-appointed library to find pen and paper, — have them just where and when you want them," said my friend. It had an electric light, properly shaded, back of each seat, which swung on a ball-jointed fixture, so that the light could be properly adjusted. At one end of the room was a gallery, approached by a spiral staircase. This gallery was some five or six feet wide, and contained books of reference and art folios, the railing being arranged so as to serve as support for hinged drop shelves, for, said he, if a volume is to be consulted, I can thus search with a minimum of trouble, a maximum of convenience and comfort. In the centre of the gallery were revolving chairs, and one turn brought him in touch with the book, and another turn to the book-rest or hinged lid.

For ventilation there was a window above each seat, the glass of which consisted of deep rich-toned leaded panes.

A natural question arises in the reader's mind, — How many books did a library so arranged contain ?

The cases were six feet high and six feet long, with a seat built between each case, and the case contained six shelves. Each shelf held at least forty-five volumes of fair size, or two hundred and seventy books to a case. In this library there were eight cases and eight seats on the main floor, and some twenty-four hundred volumes of various sizes were taken care of, and in the gallery the sixteen-foot case held between three hundred and four hundred more. This provided room for about twenty-seven hundred to twenty-eight hundred books, which is probably a larger number than most private libraries contain. In the centre of the room was a large solid writing table and comfortable chairs. The table was large enough to hold a goodly number of magazines, and the chairs comfortable enough to bring the body in harmony with the mind. "And don't forget," said my host,

“that many of our best writers have loved nature, and did not object to palms, ferns and growing plants in their sanctuary.”

The color scheme was quiet and restful, such as woodland browns and deep forest greens, and the furniture, both frame and tapestry, were in harmony with the walls and wood-work.

For decoration there were strong old woodcuts, etchings, in ebony frames, upon the walls, and upon the cases there stood busts and statuettes of the Masters of the Crafts, including the author, the inventor, the statesman, and the philanthropist. There was a good liberal fire-place at one end, with a liberal hickory fire crackling on the hearth, and the whole room breathed such warmth and comfort and peace that I felt in the land of “Sweet Contentment.”

This is the library I have seen. Where? In my mind's eye,—and some day, when my ship comes in with its “Copper Ingots” I will invite BOOK CULTURE and its friends to come and see my Mind's Library in enduring form.

LOUIS FRANK NEWMAN.



### THE INSPIRATION OF BOOKS.

**T**HE story is told of a traveller who on returning from a journey of exceptional interest in remote parts of the world, was anxious to relate his experience. But no one seemed anxious to listen : those to whom he addressed himself had also their experience to relate—experience that filled their limited horizons no less fully than his unusual ones loomed up before his mental eyes. Illness in the family, the gossip of the club or the neighborhood, the thousand and one petty details of daily life clamoured for expression and demanded a hearing. The hen that has never left the barn-yard

makes just as much noise over the laying of her matutinal egg, as the wild-goose who has travelled from the tropics and "honks" high in the air to let the world know that Spring is following.

Desire for expression is universal. It is the origin of literature. But if all men had gifts of expression equal to their craving for it, it is manifest that there would be no books written. Who would read them? As in everything else in this world there is diversity of talent and certain persons are set apart in each generation to be the mouth-piece of others. Among primitive peoples, when there were neither printed nor written books, the deeds of the great, the history of past events, the traditions and religious notions of men were embodied in songs sung by specially-gifted bards. As memory and music are apt to be compensating advantages bestowed on human beings deprived of sight, the acceptable bards were the blind singers who wandered about improvising their herioc lays and welcomed at the herdman's hut or at the court of the petty chief.

The imagination loves to picture Homer singing the story of Troy. Criticism may tell us that the Iliad is only the crystallized remainder of many poems melted into one; that the Iliad and the Odyssey are evidently by different poets. Such criticism makes us impatient: we want the blind bard of Chios. It appeals to our sympathy to read:—

"Seven cities warred for Homer being dead  
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head."

What must it not have been to the Greeks themselves to hear those majestic, swift, noble hexameters declaimed with musical intonations to the accompaniment of the harp. Even the catalog of ships, so dry to the school-boy, must have filled their ears with their sonorous syllables and their hearts with pride at the might of ancient days! For hundreds of years a

whole nation feasted on these two immortal epics: even now there are occasionally born under alien skies, scholars who find in Homer a satisfaction which nothing else ever gives. They have laboriously to master the tongue in which they are written but the reward compensates for the pains. One could fill pages with panegyrics of these two works which, though among the earliest of literary monuments, have qualities of beauty and grandeur and simplicity and melody unsurpassed. Homer may have been the last of the Greek bards, he may have been only the collector of scattered legends, unifying them by prescience of the genius of the whole people; but whoever he was, his name is writ large. Let us say he lighted the torch in the very sun of poetry and handed it down to latest generations. Virgil rises to his highest level when he imitates him; he dominates the ages; though more distant than any he is still brighter than Virgil or Dante or Milton. There is something fine in the impersonality of such a genius; the singer is only a name but his song is immortal.



Some readers may like to see the original of the charming translation which Miss Guiney has kindly made especially for BOOK CULTURE and we therefore reproduce it here.

### EPIITAPHÉ.

Sous ce marbre où croissent des lys,  
Avec des roses et du lierre,  
Gît une enfant morte jadis,  
Qui n'était qu'amour et lumière.

Quand vint le soir, un ange mit  
Sur son front le sceau d'allégresse,  
Et la mort calme l'endormit  
Dans son éternelle jeunesse.

C'est pourquoi n'ayez de remords:  
Passez, passants. La vie est brève,  
Et les pleurs sont tristes aux morts:  
Qu'elle repose dans son rêve.



## THE BIERSTADT SALE.

**A**T the fourth day's sale of the Bierstadt books in New York the steadily increasing value of first editions of American books was one of the striking features. Readers of BOOK CULTURE may like to preserve these figures for future reference.

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Boston, 1850, \$20. John Hay's "Pike County Ballads," Boston, 1871, \$3.75.

Holmes's "Professor at the Breakfast Table;" Boston, 1860; first edition; \$6.

Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast Table;" Boston, 1872; first edition; \$9.

"Horace;" Paris, 1828; bound by Ruban; bought by George D. Smith, \$15.

Howell's "Familiar Letters;" first edition; London, 1645; \$12.50.

Hubert's "Life and Death of Edward the Second;" London, 1628; bound by David, surreptitious first edition; \$20.

Hubert's "Historie of Edward the Second;" first edition; London, 1629; \$29.

James I.'s "His Majesty's Instructions to His Son;" London, 1608; \$20.

Johnson (Samuel), "Vanity of Human Wishes;" first edition; London, 1749; \$11.

Johnson's "Irene," first edition; London, 1749; \$14.

Jonson's "Characters of Two Royal Masques;" first edition; London, 1608; \$115.

Jonson's "Workes," first edition; London, 1616; \$18.

King's "Poems;" &c., first edition; London, 1657; \$21.

Landor's "Imaginary Portraits;" first edition, three volumes; London, 1824-28; \$31.50.

Jusserand's "French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.;" No. 57 of 65 copies on Japan paper; London, 1892; \$6.50.

Landor's "Imaginary Portraits;" second series, two volumes, first edition; London, 1829; \$17.

Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France;" first edition; London, 1872; \$27.

Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette;" Japan paper; London, 1887; \$20.

Lang's "Tercentenary of Walton;" London, 1893; \$18.

Lecky's "History of England in the 18th Century;" eight volumes; London, 1883-90; \$18.

Locher's "London Lyrics;" first edition; London, 1857; \$30.

Locher's "Rowfant Rhymes;" Cleveland, 1895; Rowfant Club publication; \$17.

Locher's "The Rowfant Library;" one of 150 copies; London, 1886; \$14.50.

Longfellow's "Miscellaneous Poems;" Boston, 1826; \$38.

Longfellow's "Voices of the Night;" first edition; Cambridge, 1839; \$18.

Longfellow's "Ballads;" Cambridge, 1842; \$16.

Longfellow's "Spanish Student;" first edition; Cambridge, 1843; \$17.

Longfellow's "Evangeline;" first edition; Boston, 1847; \$56.

Longfellow's "Christus;" first edition; three volumes; Boston, 1872; \$12.

Longfellow's "Writings;" eleven volumes; Cambridge, 1886; large paper; No. 76 of 500 copies; \$22.

What a consolation to the young poet whose little edition of 300 copies does not sell, whose feeble light is not noticed by his sixty millions of fellow countrymen, whose publisher does not recover the value of the plates, to think that perhaps four hundred years from now, one single copy may bring a

thousand dollars at some auction-sale! As for me, I have sealed up a copy of my poems in an air-tight, bacillus-proof, book-worm guarded iron-box with directions that it is not to be opened for three hundred years. At the end of that time it will come forth, fresh and unbought as it is to-day, the only copy in existence and venerable for its antiquity, priceless for its uniqueness, and breathing (to those who are alive then) of the spirit of a long forgotten and probably barbarous time!



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**T**HE cordial reception accorded **BOOK CULTURE** and the many kind letters of approbation and encouragement received, give assurance that there is a genuine want which our little magazine fills.

Never in the world's history have there been so many book-collectors or builders of private libraries as at the present time. Never has there been such a deep and wide-spread interest in authors, printers, binders, in the book-maker's art in general, and in libraries, their contents, their founding, in rare and curious books, first editions and the like.

It is the aim of **BOOK CULTURE** to supply full and authoritative information on all these subjects from a bibliographical and bibliotaphical standpoint, as well as to give aid and inspiration to the amateur.

**BOOK CULTURE** has many plans for the future and these will be developed from time to time, so that it will follow a safe and conservative growth. Already arrangements have been made with a number of well-known English and American authors to contribute to its pages. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Miss Caroline

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